

EXHIBIT 10

JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHY PROSE & POETRY BIOGRAPHY MEMBERS JOIN HOME

HEATHER CORINNA

*Pure As the Driven Slash (Journal)***July 7th, Two Thousand Six:** *I heart my hearth.*

It was chilly this morning, so I had every excuse to go ahead and build a fire, something which had become a morning ritual before it got very warm over the last week or two. I'm still sitting in front of it, the embers warming my skin, the scent of woodsmoke infusing the house and wafting out into the garden,

I'm a firestarter, always have been. Literally, symbolically. When I camp with others, gawd save anyone who tries to be responsible for the fire in my stead. I want to build it, I want to tend it, I want to see it through. Astrologically, sparing a mere two planets in air (and not a one in water), I'm all earth and fire. Personally, professionally, politically, I'm a lamplighter, I'm the one with the matches when no one's got a light; I try not to burn bridges overmuch, but I'll gladly do it if need be. I make hearths, I keep them warm and ready.

In the apartment we lived in the longest in my childhood, there was a painted, vacant fireplace. As was the case in a lot of buildings in Chicago built post-Mrs. O'Leary's Big Cow Whoopsie-Daisy, it wasn't a working fireplace. We'd glued mirrors inside it, and I'd sit in there often with a pile of books, imagining the warm fire that wasn't.

The last time I had a working fireplace somewhere I lived, it ended up being primarily used for my survival. Through a combination of both terrible choices and terrible jerk, in '97, I had \$600 a month to live on from a 60-hour-a-week internship, and my fellow "housemate" screwed me utterly, which involved leaving me busted flat in a place with rent I couldn't pay alone (but where there was no way to work a roomie I wasn't sleeping with), as well as without a goodly amount of my personal property and a phone bill in my name of several hundred dollars. The heat got shut off (no fun in a Chicago winter), and in short order, so did the gas and the electricity. I could afford to eat the barest basics every other day. By virtue of technically being employed, and being childless, I was not eligible for any welfare, either. In time, I moved my futon in front of the fire, cooked spare stews over the flames made from whatever I could find to burn in the dumpsters that day.

Just having that fire -- not just to keep me warm, not just as a means to cook and have light at night, but as elemental, emotional sustenance -- helped get me through a really rotten, scary time. I felt so isolated at the time, especially given that I had to keep the state I was in a secret from nearly everyone, every day; I felt betrayed, lost, abandoned, cold inside and out. I also felt incredibly angry. The nights I could have a fire, it was a wonderful balm for all of that: it warmed the frigid air, it gave me company and comfort, and it's hot, red flames licking and consuming this piece of discarded furniture or that spoke to my anger and reminded me that it can motivate, rise up, fight back.

* * *

Sunday, Mark went off on an overnight day trip with a few friends, so for the first time, I had the house to myself all day and all night. I ended up dedicating most of my day and evening to building the hearth here. I stained a couple wooden curio boxes and frames black, brought out all the small objects of import I'd kept set aside for the area for weeks, arranged and rearranged them carefully, taking

*Journal Links*

the site & the
work
best of (the
singles)
have it all
cast & crew
email
flickr stream
more journals

pit stops/links
journal FAQ
**professional
portfolio**



upcoming events (heatherreporting)

**Seattle: Wednesday,
May 10th: The Salon
of Shame!** You think
this journal is
embarrassing? You
don't know the half of
it. Come join the
fabtastic Miz Ariel,
myself as others as we
unearth and read from
the journals we NEVER
meant to have shared.

There are currently

5 6 2 3

original photos in

1 6 3

sets for subscribers

ACT UP!

- because gay and lesbian rights are human rights.
- because terrorism and torture have always been global problems
- ... even right here at home.
- because women aren't second-class

all the time I wanted. When we first moved here, without even thinking about it, this is where I began to meditate every morning. I had originally planned to set my meditation space up in the downstairs studio, since it'll be very spare in there, but clearly, this is where it's supposed to happen.

It's not done yet: shrines take time, after all. But it remains my favorite space in the whole place: better than the lovely old bathtub Mr. price and I have marvelous, long conversations in, better than my fun, (now) stripey-pale-yellow upstairs studio, better than the checkerboard floors I love so much, better even than the bed (which actually sucks and is killing my damn back, but that hasn't stopped us from having an awful lot of fun in it, nonetheless). I'm also not done finishing the house, in general. Both my workspaces are still not actually functional, something I have GOT to get a handle on, because I haven't been able to do any self-portrait work in an age, and I've got some nifty stuff spinning round in my head.

This weekend, a 48-hour film project is happening in our space resulting in a full house of cast and crew, so I don't imagine I'll be in luck per getting the studios or any photo work done until some time next week, though there may be some times when it's not only doable but prudent to lock myself in the upstairs studio and get things better arranged up there. Sadly, two boxes seem to have vanished during the move which contain some of the things most important to me (it seemed so smart at the time to put them all in two boxes, alas), so I'm hoping for time to get EVERYTHING left in a box in the house cleared out soon so I know whether to abandon all hope or not.

But for right now, I need the energy of my hearth: both its angry motivation and its tender warmth. Per usual, I have a lot on my plate, and per usual, I'm still behind. It's been a long adjustment to get used to something so seemingly simple as the fact that my workdays usually have a definite end now, rather than the luxury I had when living alone of stretching them over whatever hours, or even a length of several days with tiny passouts in between. It's an adjustment to learn to communicate some of the toughest things I do/see/bring up in a day to someone who both loves and cares for me and who comes from a very different place than I do. It's an adjustment to be sure there's room in my life now for both my passionate anger and my passionate tenderness, but the fire's got lessons on all of this and more in her hot red tongue, and I've a few minutes more in my day left just to listen.

(Addendum: it now appears that Sofia will have the starring role in the film, gawd help us all. Especially me, who made plans to NOT be here to be out of everyone's way, as requested, but am now feeling pretty darn conflicted about my poor dog being dragged to a million locations and having to perform on command without her mama. Ugh.

Oh, and for those who felt sad they weren't here two Sundays ago to see the ass-smacky dance, I have a few stills. Who's sorry now, I ask you?)

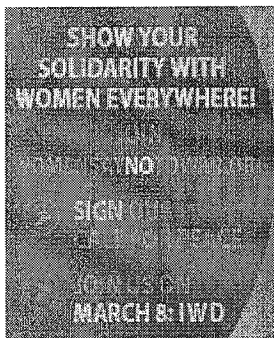
Comment (3)

June 27th, Two Thousand Six: Greetings from the Planet Post-Launch!

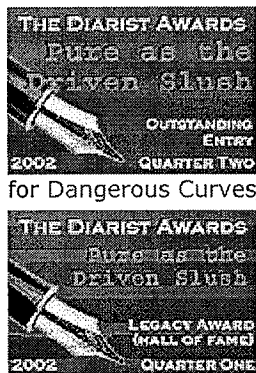
I'm -- slowly, so slowly -- coming back to the earth I know. I only realized in the middle of last week that it had been a good seven years since I launched a community-oriented, big-ass site. I'd forgotten how much damn work it is, and how crazymaking it can be. In this case, all the more so when you're using a system to run it you don't know shite about from the onset. Had it not been for my fantastic pal Garrett, not only would it probably never have gotten done, I'd have pulled out all my hair trying to figure it out myself in the process.

citizens.

- because it should always be *your* choice when it's **your** body.
- because everyone should know that real peace doesn't create a mounting death toll.
- because sex education has left the (school) building.
- because some people in office could give a fiddler's fart about the constitution.



Burbs, Rings & Awards



just a little queer
sex burb • artists burb
photogenic burb



Search this blog:

Search

» Blogs that link here

© Heather Corinna

So, the big news is, the All Girl Army is live as of late Friday afternoon! I still have a few things to tweak here and there, but we've got the majority of it finished and seriously hoppin'. These young women and girls.... bloody HELL, are they amazing. I knew that going through their applications, but they're so far exceeded my expectations ALREADY, it's unreal. There wasn't a single day last week, as they started to post, that I didn't weep at least two or three times with The Big Happy. Since it's all I have been talking about in writing the supporting material for it, now getting press releases done, and the lot, I won't go on ad nauseum here, which would be my inclination since it's all I CAN seem to talk about of late. You can check it out for yourself. Part creative writing project, part intentional women's community, part live-broadcast women's studies class, I'm so, so pleased with how it all came together, how much the young women love it, and how quickly it's already growing.

Two seconds after I finally launched on Friday afternoon, Mr. Price dropped a flower in my lap, filled the picnic basket with goodies and bubbles and we nabbed the dog and headed over to Golden Gardens, which was a fantastic way to spend the first really summery afternoon and to celebrate the launch (and don't think I don't know I'm a lucky ducky). We were supposed to also go out to catch a gig that night, but by 9:00, I was comatose for a full 12 hours.

Saturday was a whole day dedicated to us jointly taking care of the house. The old pushmower that came with the house was seriously useless, so it got to the point where last week, my opening to discuss it with the landlord began with "*Greetings from the rainforest!*" Friday night when I let Sofia out back, it was a slasher flick scene: at some point, she went deep enough into the high grass of the yard that I couldn't find her, and, with a heavy heart, assumed she had been snatched by some wild Yukyuk.

A very generous soul at Mark's day job came by early Saturday morning with a weed whacker and a power mower and we all went to work. Since the two of them ended up doing most of it, I paid my dues by spending two hours weeding the garden, which, as of right now contains: six huge heirloom tomato plants, several batches of spinach, edamame, strawberries, rosemary, lemon verbena, cilantro, garlic chives, much basil, thyme, two varieties of oregano, three kinds of mint, pineapple sage, white sage, pennyroyal, three peppers, a baby eggplant, a pumpkin plant, poppies, aussie lavender, pansies, some other edible flowers and a bunch of other stuff. Good soil here, lots of worms. (I even had to break up a fight between a worm and a centipede the other day. It wasn't pretty. I played favorites and the worm won.) It's looking like I can get my Dad up here for a visit in August, and I look forward to using all of this stuff to cook together with him: it's my Dad I have to thank for my formidable skills in the kitchen and love of all things food and cooking, and he hasn't had any way to cook for a decade.

We finished Saturday with some walking and a Paperboys gig at the Tractor, which is blissfully but a few blocks from Chez Ballard. This is an awesome 'hood, kids.

Sunday afternoon we had a few friends over for an anti-Pride of sorts, which, given the glorious heat and a lot of mojitos (the mint needed to be used), resulted in the guests ending up face down on blankets in the yard, and Mr. Price being loaded enough to do a strange little self-ass-smacky dance for our amusement (or maybe THAT'S why they were face down).

(I just checked: there are some photos of aspects of this dance. I shoulda taken video. Nonetheless, will toss up some of the evidence I do have soon.)

There was some *mightyfine* sex nestled in there, too. Much pleasantness.

tecmorati

<> # L DykeWrite2

GLBT logs
 buffy: journal slayer
 the pepys project
 registered@diarist.net



Recent Entries

12.21 - 02.20
 10.19 - 12.07
 08.07 - 09.30
 06.09 - 08.06
 04.08 - 06.02
 02.28 - 04.06
 01.19 - 02.23
 12.31 - 01.15
 12.09 - 12.28
 11.03 - 12.05
 10.04 - 11.05
 09.27 - 10.01
 09.08 - 09.24
 08.02 - 09.02
 07.13 - 07.31
 07.08 - 05.21
 05.05 - 05.17
 all 1999 - 2004
 1983-1988

(last five ST blog posts)

- Abortion & Trauma: The Bigger Picture
- Oh, Bloody Hell.
- What? Bush nominates someone who'll support the extreme right to the Supreme Court?
- The good news is...
- Because you make us sick, that's why.

Daily Reads

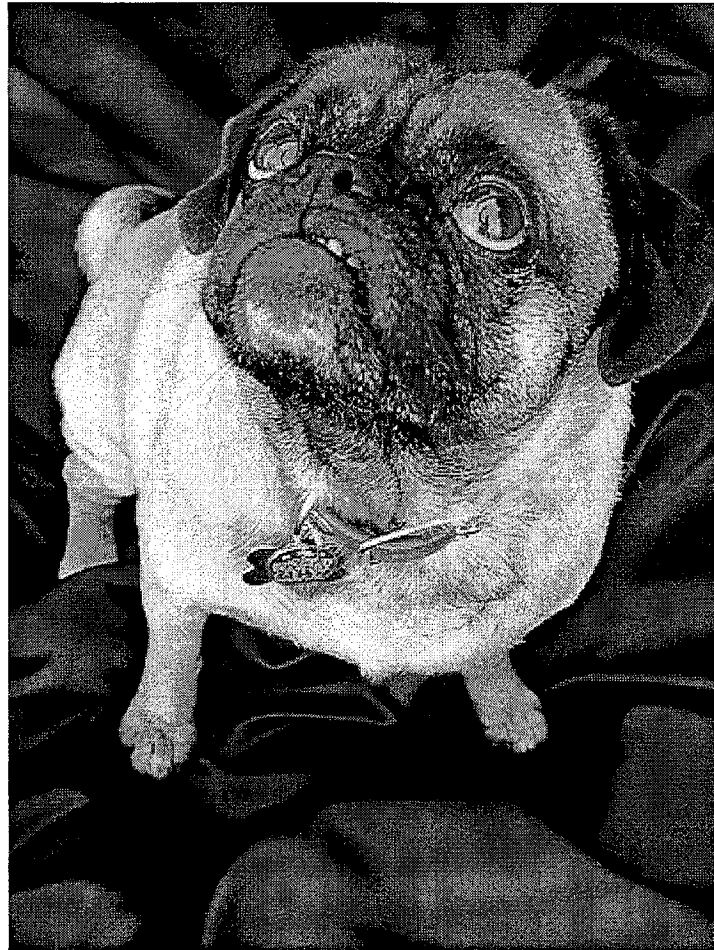
The rest of this week, thus far, has been spent trying to play catch-up, work-wise, house-wise, relationship-wise, socially. I needneedneed to do some photo work. I have Scarleteen to catch up with, some new articles to pen. I have bloody well GOT to find a gym nearby I can box at, because not being able to is making me nutty. I have to solidify a date for a meeting in July about getting both Scarleteen and the AGA nonprofit status (finally!). I have got to, for the love of gawd, get my studios in working order, and suck it up and buy some decent lights, much as I wish I didn't have to. I need to call the electric company in Minneapolis AGAIN, since the jerk who bought the building out from under us apparently refuses to verify with them that I have not been living there for months now, and so I keep getting billed for his electric use. Joy.

I need to sit down and make a big list of everything I have to tackle in the next month, and be sure I do it on a day where right afterwards, I can spend an hour lazing around in the sun to prevent me from having an aneurysm.

And, of course, I have got to get this little bit of ramble up, so that y'all stop asking me if I'm still alive.

Alive, living, breathing, and frazzled as usual.

P.S. Sofia sends her best, and is also muy pleased that site development madness has come to a close.



Comment (3)

May 19th, Two Thousand Six: I'm off to MN on Saturday, for a visit just under a week. When I moved out here, it was cheaper to buy a round-trip ticket than a one-way, so I just got a return ticket for Briana's due date. As it turns out, she had The Baby Liam on Tuesday, but all the same, I'll get to see him and take way too many photographs of him.

I miss my friends **a lot**. That'd be why I'm going back for this visit (though I also need to close accounts there, see my acupuncturist, get my hair trimmed and the lot, but that's a sidebar). It'll be awesome to see them.

But in some respects, I wish I wasn't going back just now. It feels mighty soon,

women's space
common dreams
fmf news
clamor
scarleteen blog
rob brezsný
bitch, PhD
jenny
lauren & emira
debra
columbine
dru
seska
jeanette
winteron
halcyon
daily dharma
safer sex
daze reader
queerday

especially since I'm getting my bearings here and starting to feel adjusted: I hate to leave that prematurely. It's becoming patently clear that I really like it here. A lot. More than I even expected to. For whatever number of reasons -- the fine old house we're living in, my partnership with Mr. Price, the climate and location, the people here, who knows -- I'm not sure I've ever lived anywhere where it is so easy for me to relax, to the point that I have to do the opposite of what I used to per working. Usually, I have to kick myself in the ass to take time off: now, I'm having to do same to get cracking and keep working. Crazy.

To boot, we're in *our* adjustment period. Much of it is us being crazy-happy, dancing around the house and snuggling at night, and still shocked this whole cohabitation thing isn't harder than it is. But some of it isn't so easy. Mark's dealt with a lot of panic and anxiety over the last week, and last night, a film ended up being a terrible trauma trigger for me (when we wanted a nice date-night, grrr). I'm not easily triggered, but it does take some getting used to per living with someone who has triggers, who has lived through a good deal of trauma, especially when you haven't. Of course, there's also just the typical logistic stuff: feeling out how to make our schedules mesh, our creative lives and styles mesh, and so forth. In one respect, that might make right now a very good time for a little few-day breather, but in another, I feel like I'm shuttling off in the middle of a project in an important phase.

...more

The film was Tarnation, for the record. And it was a brilliant, amazing, painful, powerful film, created out of footage the protagonist shot of his life from when he was 11 onward. However, not only did his adolescence mirror mine and those of people I loved and lost WAY too closely -- and right in the same time period, so the combo of appearances, feel, music from the time, ugh, too much -- his lone bright spot was his mentally incapacitated/disturbed mother. I was hanging on by a thread before the torturous five-minute scene of her, utterly gone and singing songs with a pumpkin. That was the point at which I had to holler out to just turn it off, RIGHT NOW PLEASE. I have rarely seen any portrayals of that whole scenario, including a parent who you love but who in many respects is just plain GONE, and one which was entirely real was just more than I could handle. While there were plenty of differences, I'm thinking this may be the film to hand to anyone I want to understand some of the hardest parts of my life, even though I couldn't even make it to the end.)

I've a lot of half-written journal entries which I can hopefully finish during the downtime I have there. I keep vascillating between tough political/activist/feminist/artistic issues and mostly goopy personal stuff. They make odd bedfellows, and for whatever reason, putting either end of the spectrum into cohesive formats feels strained and scattered, in part because I just have too many irons in the fire right now, especially since I'm still not fully settled in here, with a stable ground. (But on an excited note about the too many irons, we finished the final acceptance list of the girls and young women for blogging for the All Girl Army. We have everything from a young woman in the military to the leader of an al-girl band, from a momma-to-be to a ten-year-old firecracker. We have an evangelical, we have an incredible native rights activist, a reproductive rights activist, we have an anti-porn activist, we have a woman who works as a nude model, we have geeks, we have artists, we have scholars... it's seriously exciting, and all of us involved with the project are chomping at the bit to see the community these incredible young women create.)

That given, I prefer to leave you with some images (starring spiderlings!). They may not speak a thousand words, but that's probably a desired respite from the thousands I churn out in text. (There is also a big, gorgeous pile of new, Mucha-inspired photos of Hyacinth in the subscribers area.)



JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHY PROSE & POETRY BIOGRAPHY MEMBERS JOIN HOME

HEATHER CORINNA

Stories Without Words (Photography)



When working and creating as a photographer and artist (rather than as an author or sex educator), my work has been described as "bravely intimate", "incredibly original", "revolutionary", "perfectly imperfect" and "unbelievably diverse" by viewers and fans.

Click a thumbnail to view the photos below (enlargements are shown at a reduced size -- full-sized, high resolution photos are available for subscribers). For more information on the photos, modeling, bookings, links to guest photographers and models or technical information, read further below or see the information links at left. To see the most recent photo updates to the site, click here.

To view my professional portfolio and see my newest work, or for information on booking photo sessions with me, click here.

PUBLIC PORTFOLIO

SELF PORTRAIT WORK

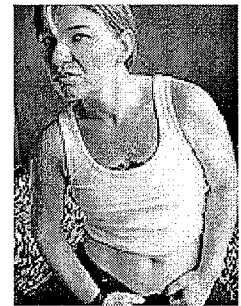
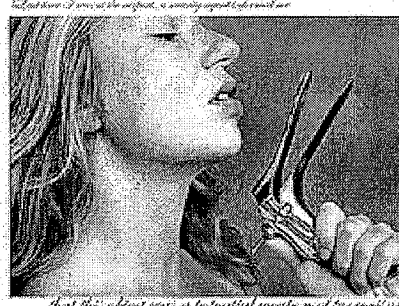
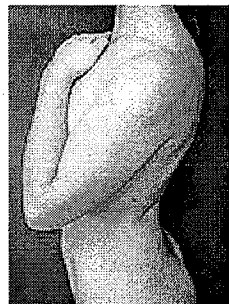


Photo Links

- about the site & work
- member login
- recent updates
- want to model or hire me for freelance photography?
- need a model?
- technical info
- more about



/links

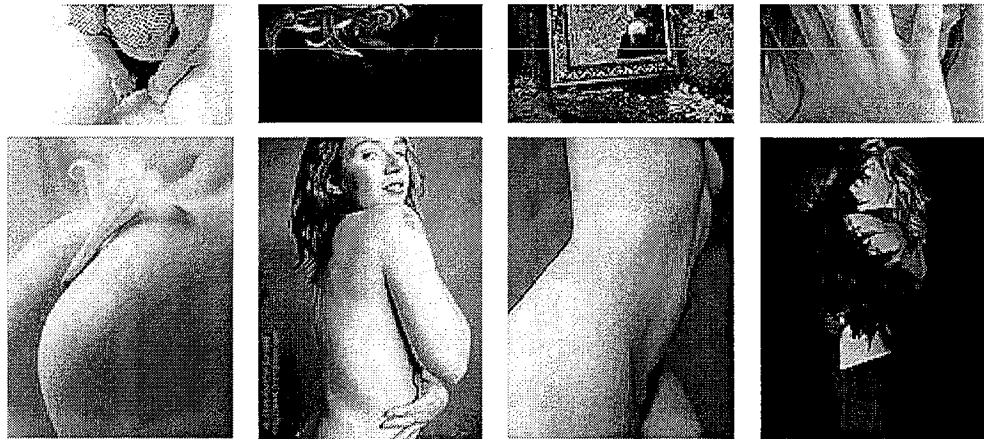
There are currently

5 1 7 0

original photos in

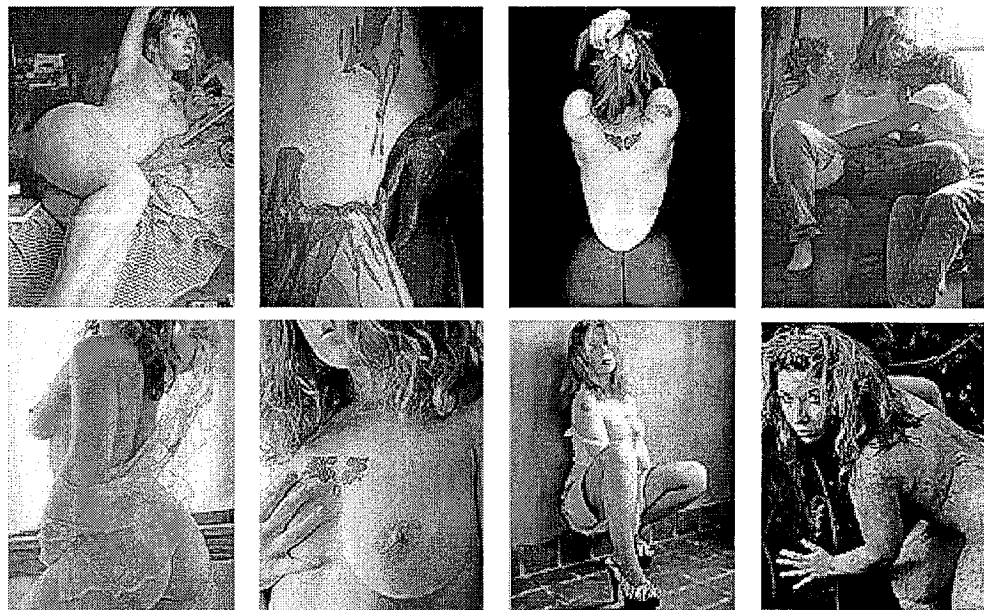
1 5 4

sets for subscribers

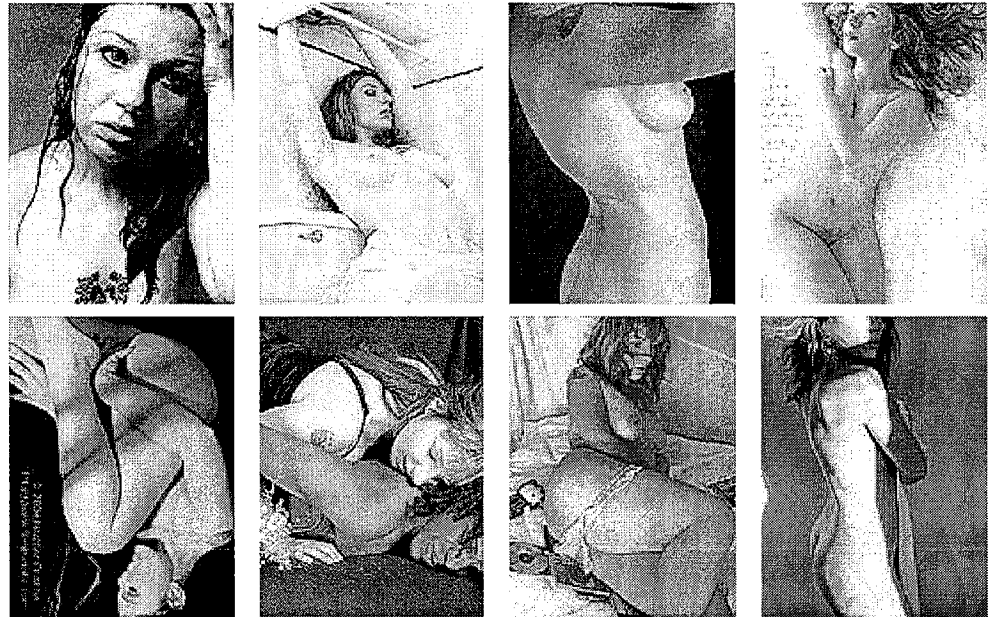


Blending more traditional styles, archetypes and themes with new approaches, keeping the physical and emotional tone real, grounded, varied and intense, I try to step outside genre by creating work that explores sexuality, gender and personal identity within fine art without a typical fine art nude genericism or loss of personal identity of the subject. Material that aims to protest stereotype, to be feminist, queer, body image and sexually healthy and expressive, that runs the gamut from tackling major issues to having a damned good time, and which can be enjoyed and appreciated by viewers of varied genders and sexual orientations. I aim to put a diverse array of real body, real mind, real heart and real sexuality out there with my own in hopes of making a dent in the homogeneous, hetero, male-directed, overglossed and often vapid pit of mass-produced and mainstream sexual material in which the image usually starts and stops on the one-dimensional surface and reflects male fantasy and ideal put upon women rather than female-directed sexual and artistic expression.

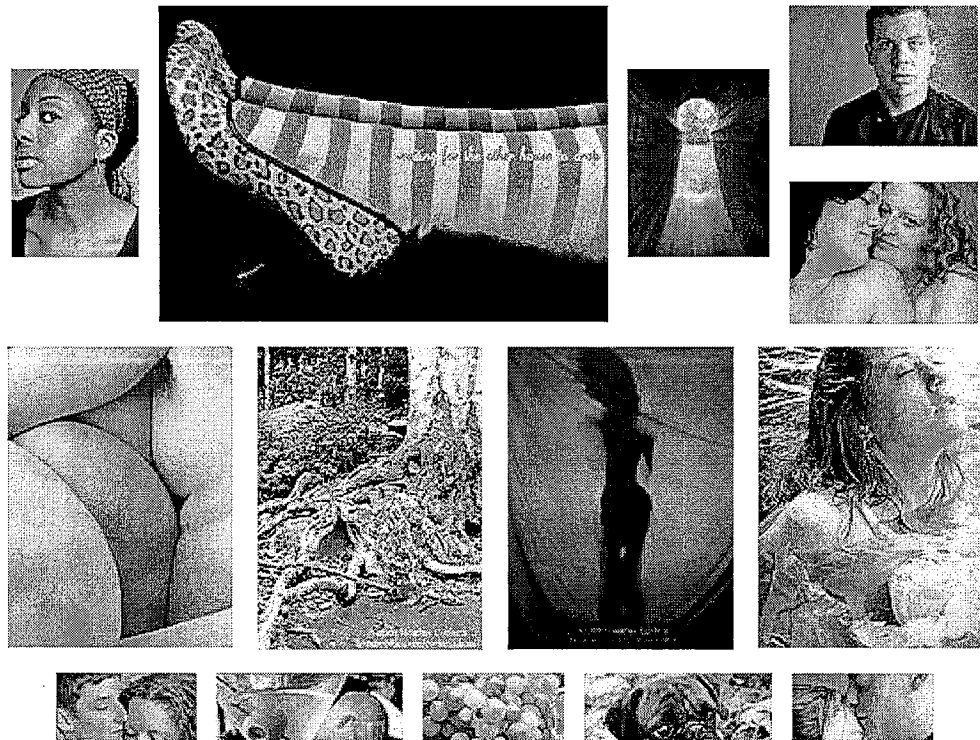
In my mind, the difference between my work and pornography of various types isn't as simple as my not shaving my armpits sometimes, being over 30, being queer, not having fake breasts, often going without makeup or including other models or lovers who may not, or certainly do not, fit mainstream beauty standards or simple sexualor gender identities. It's a complex combination of creative, political, personal and artistic motivation, very different business practices, socioeconomic and context and certainly, different aims than most mainstream sexuality content or photography of women and/or the body. For more on what I feel makes my work different, see here.

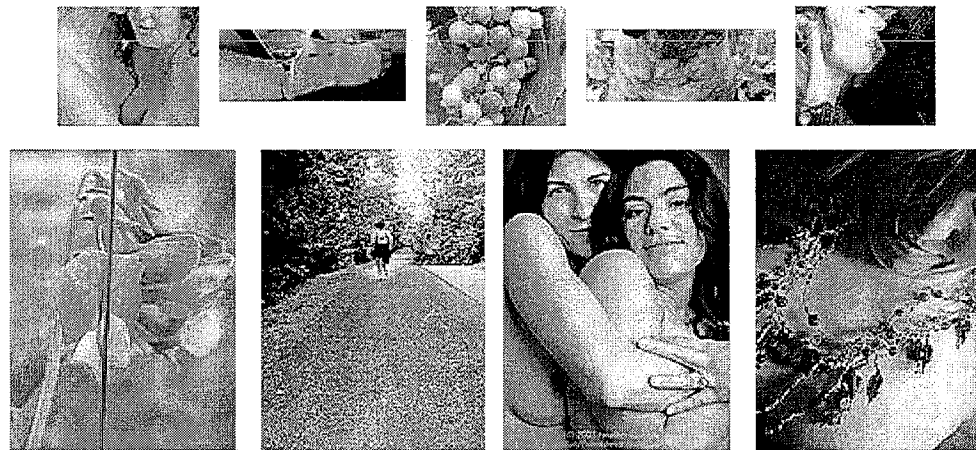


My work has shown in *On Our Backs* magazine, at the 2003 BECAUSE exhibit, the 2004 Seattle Erotic Arts Festival and the Bryant-Lake Bowl (Minneapolis); has been shown online at ventures like *Scarlet Letters*, *Janesguide*, *Toys in Babeland* and *Michelle7* and will be included in an upcoming erotic photography anthology. I also have done commercial work for companies and organizations like gay.com/Planetout, District 202, Dykes Do Drag and other clients, as well as many sessions with individuals working with gender, drag and performance photos, as well as fine art nudes and portraits, sometimes used as part of body image therapy (and I often do that work pro bono).



MODELS AND OTHER SUBJECTS





Truly independent artist content on the web is becoming very rare, and fully woman-produced sexuality material not made expressly for the male gaze or only for commercial gain rarer still, especially in visual material. For that reason, I ask and encourage you to subscribe, either to this site or another independent woman-owned-and-operated artist site which you frequent. Without the financial support needed to create quality, independently produced content, we find ourselves with little to choose from save mass-produced, heterocentric, homogenous and uninspired material. Around 80% of the subscribers to this site are, and always have been, women, a group which frequently laments a lack of sexuality material available to them. Visual erotica or depiction of the female nude and senssexual self has been male-dominated largely because mainly male consumers have dominated it financially.



The subscribers area contains over 4000 quality, high resolution and fully original photographs, updated often in more than 130 different galleries. Photos are primarily of and photographed by myself. Besides the self-portraits and photo sessions I photograph, there are also sessions from guest photographers, including B. Labouyi, Lee Higgs, Billy Sheahan, Lee Stranahan, Norm Edwards and others, as well as guest models; solo, or women or men photographed with me. Erotica, fine art nude, traditional and experimental portraiture, conceptual art installations, drag and performance portraits, couples photography are some of the types of work

found in my complete portfolio. All work is original and most is exclusive to this site.

To become a patron by subscription, and more information on subscribing, click [here](#).



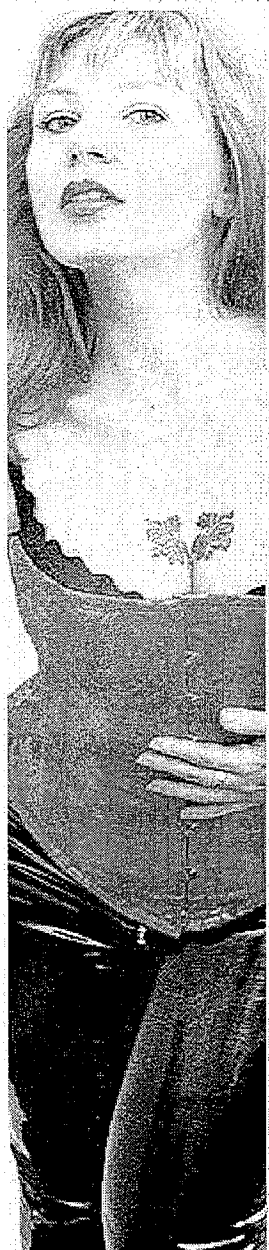
© 1984, 2004 HEATHER CORINNA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. CULTIVATE GOOD KARMA.

text nav: [journal](#) • [photography](#) • [prose & poetry](#) • [biography](#) • [members entry](#) • [join](#) • [get 'yer ass home](#)

JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHY PROSE & POETRY BIOGRAPHY MEMBERS JOIN HOME

HEATHER CORINNA

Pure As the Driven Slush (Journal)



I don't get it: is this page the journal, or is the whole thing the journal?

Really, calling the journal page alone the journal is a bit of a misnomer: all my life I have chronicled not just with prose nonfiction, but with fiction, with poetry, with music, with visual imagery. So, when it all comes down to it, the entirety of my personal site -- the photos, the fiction, the poetry, the editorial and this personal journal -- IS my journal: it is a multimedia record of my days and what I create with those days.

This particular journal, in this format and at this location, dates back to early 1999, and is archived in full.

Do you get naked in your journal to get more traffic?

No, and if I did, it'd be terribly foolish since I pay for my own bandwidth, and it's mighty costly. Often on the journal page, I sometimes include photos from recent shoots, because shooting photos and creating visual art is part of my daily life, the same way that fiction and poetry may be included because it too, is part of my daily life. The same way that say, including photos of one's child or oneself, or recounting the events of a day is any other diarist's daily life.

How come I can only read a few month's worth of entries OR how come the archive and other parts of the site cost something?

The first part of the answer to that is that creating all of this costs *ME* something (in my labor and time, in supplies, in bandwidth, etc.), and in order to continue to create it, I need to have a means to pay those costs. But that's actually less important than the fact that, like anyone else, I need to be compensated for the work which I do in order to thrive and because that is part of the give and take of any work, including creative work: *I give my readers and viewers material to take in, they supply me with the means to provide it for them.* I do not have another day job. Freelance work, this site and my others (scarletletters.com and scarleteen.com) ARE my job, and I log in more hours of work a week than your average person, and get paid less than your average McDonald's employee by my own choice because this work is important to me. I am a full-time working artist. So, I need to get paid reasonably, and I do my level best to keep my rates as low as I can within reason and supply as much free content as I'm comfortable with.

In addition, most of my photos and fiction are considered adult because they contain nudity, and to comply with web guidelines (and potential laws) about adult material, I need to keep much of that material behind an age-screen, which we can verify (to the best that it can be verified) with a membership payment and a user agreement as a member. I prefer not to have to put an age screen on the entire site or my journal, which is why I am careful about what material I choose to show publicly. It also cuts down on the amount of copyright infringement I have to police. And that's a good thing.

About how many people come to this site each day and read the journal or other sections?

About 3000 unique users daily visit the free areas of my personal site. The current journal entry is read about 800 times on an average day, a bit more than the number of loads for the photo page index.

So, what about you?

What about me? More than you likely ever cared to know is right here. Got other questions? Feel free to post at my message board, or drop the girl a line.

© 1984, 2004 HEATHER CORINNA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. CULTIVATE GOOD KARMA.

text nav: [journal](#) • [photography](#) • [prose & poetry](#) • [biography](#) • [members entry](#) • [join](#) • [get 'yer ass home](#)

JOURNAL PHOTOGRAPHY PROSE & POETRY BIOGRAPHY MEMBERS JOIN HOME

HEATHER CORINNA



Heather Corinna Writer - Artist - Sex Activist & Educator

online and independent since 1997

Is the photography, fiction, poetry or nonfiction/journal porn?

That really depends on how you define pornography. Is it material made for sexual entertainment that also portrays or celebrates sexual behaviour that degrades, dehumanizes, exploits or abuses? No. Do I create the material for the purpose of sexual entertainment? No. Do I create the material to sexually arouse or incite a viewer, reader or myself? Sometimes: some of my work has that intent or experience, and just as much of it -- if not more -- does not. Generally, I intend to examine sexuality, to document sexual relationship, to explore the human body and how I and viewers perceive it, to examine the female body and feelings about it, to explore my own identity and use all those aims to create work that creates questions. Does it include sexuality, eroticism and/or nudity? Often, yes. Am I a porn star? Not unless a lover or two had a camera behind their backs I didn't know about and sold the tapes, no. Many people who work within the porn industry have the vaguest idea I exist; many in that interest absolutely do not wish to claim me.

Because the term "pornography" has so many different meanings to so many different people, I don't spend a whole lot of time trying to figure out whether my own work is porn or not, not to control what others might call it or how they might classify it. I know most of my viewers don't use the material I produce simply for sexual entertainment, if at all, though many do use it to explore various avenues and approaches to sexuality and sexuality and nudity in the arts. The term "pornographer" is not one I use to identify, but I'm also not hurt nor offended to be termed such -- by some definitions of pornography, namely the most literal one (that being material which is created for the purpose of sexual arousal) -- I sometimes *am* a pornographer. But that does not mean all of my work is pornography, nor that I intend it to be so.

Do you have a problem with pornography?

It depends on the material. I have issues with a lot of pornography. I ggorssly object to the way in which some of it is produced, and I often object to what is being represented or MISrepresented. I truly despise the way in which much of it is marketed, and the way in which (via spam, popups, etc.) all too much of it is forced down people's throats. I don't care for plenty of what most pornography encourages or enables. On a less intense note, I think much of it is just vapid and mindless, and is intended to be so (which is also destructive). But I do feel that freedom of expression is incredibly important, and I would not suggest that most of it which is produced legally, ethically, fairly to all participants (and in an environment in which it truly is optional for all participants) with truly informed adult consent, should be banned or censored. It's generally nothing I feel I can make broad statements about, because what is termed pornography is so vast, and I'm not comfortable considering it and making judgments outside a case-by-case basis.

I do have a problem with any and all work which includes nudity or sexuality being immediately plopped de facto in the porn pile, and I have a very big problem with any or all consensual adult sexuality, depictions of such or depiction or description of the human body being termed obscene if it happens to either get someone off OR incite sexual jealousy or insecurity. And suffice it to say, I have the biggest problem of all with categorizations like pornography and obscenity being used -- and often affixed to people or work no matter how

they define their own work themselves -- to reinforce our culture's substantial problem with joyful, positive sexuality, free sexual expression and creative enjoyment and expression in and with the human body.

Why do you do all this? For the money?

Not hardly. From subscriptions to this site each month, on a good month, I net a few hundred dollars, and that's before taxes. For a whole lot of work. That money pays for my art supplies, my bandwidth, to fund other projects, and now and then, for a little of my labor (though it does promote my photography skills, so the site often helps net me freelance gigs for companies like gay.com and for private clients who want nudes done for their personal keeping). If I did more mainstream work, if I really made porn, or used business practices and scams like those listed at the top of this page, I'd likely make more money, but it'd be at the expense of my integrity and own ethics in terms of my artwork and business dealings. The idea that the minute a woman gets naked, she makes a buttload of money is fallacious: that only holds true with few people, in very specific avenues, and not for *any* fine art nude photographer or self-portrait artist, sexuality writer or freelance educator I have ever met. Not for most sex workers of any type. When I chose to do the work I do at this site, I knew I was making a choice to make LESS money than I had at other good jobs I'd had or could at other jobs.

Sexuality, sexual politics, queer politics and issues, body and self-image, feminism, human rights are all issues that have taken precedence in my life and my head since I was pretty young, and I've always worked via the arts (visual, textual and in music) and education. My aims in all of what I do -- in photography, in writing erotica, in sexual education and address of sexual politics -- are to get issues, imagery and objectives out into public discourse and private consideration, to try and further the positives which sexuality has to offer, publicly and privately in the ways I am able and which align best with my own talents, skills and personal ethics and to explore my own forms of self-expression.

Why is this site different from your average porn site?

- Most sites online which have visual sexual material make most of their money via banners, links and popups to OTHER mainstream porn sites, most of which are the same-old same-old vapid, misogynist crudola. Most use affiliate agreements so that other companies or individuals make money via spamming, popups or banners for those sites. In order to find my work, any viewer is either going to have to search for it themselves, or be referred due to a gallery show or publication I've shown at elsewhere, or an unpaid and unsolicited link to me elsewhere. No one is going to arrive here by accident, nor through a solicitation to do so, and while here, they will not find popups or java which sends them elsewhere, nor traffic trades or agreements which push them unto any other sites; this site does net any income from other porn sites or enterprises, only from subscriptions to the site itself.

- With most sites online which have visual sexual material, the person making the money is NOT the subject of the work, nor the creator of the work or the active participant, but someone partially or wholly removed from that aspect. In addition, I do the whole of the site myself: no venture capital has been involved, and I design, code, and edit all the content I create on my own. No one else is receiving a portion of my profits nor paying me as a performer: what I make goes to fund the basics of my life, my work and not-for-profit projects I run like Scarleteen.

- Many sites online which contain erotic photography of women use the

"bordello approach." In other words, create a collection of "our girls" or "my girls." The majority of the work here is self-portraiture, work by guest photographers in which I am the subject or work I have done with subjects who wanted photos taken for their own purposes, and have agreed to let me show the work in exchange for doing the photos and consultations for them. Subjects agree (and they don't have to) to have the work I've done with them shown because they simply want to help support and sustain my work. No one, save myself, is owned by me, nor do I intimate that they are because I have taken their photo and am showing the work.

- The language surrounding erotic or sexual material at all sites is highly targeted and intentional, in terms of telling the viewer it IS erotic, and nearly always, clearly speaking to men. From my own viewpoint, some of my work is primarily erotic and sexual in nature, some of it is not -- but how a viewer sees it is not something that I can decide nor dictate, nor do I wish to: chances are good that a given set, photo or text piece that I may not feel is erotic to me at all may be seen as very much so by a different viewer or reader. Moreover, much of that language is selling the subjects in the photos as commodities. No one is purchasing my subjects here -- patrons are buying an entrance into a virtual gallery and library to view and read the work. As well, there is as much, if not more, written work here as photographic work. It would be incredibly difficult to view me as mere object or mere sexual object, when my viewers and readers, per their own reports and my traffic logs, spend just as much time reading about my daily life, my politics, and the whole of my work, as they do looking at the photographs. Anyone who did so would be doing so against my wishes and my intent.

- While my work is often of an erotic nature, and/or includes the nude body, that is because that is where my interests and inspiration often lie, not because I am required to produce work of that nature. The beauty of being my own publisher in the fashion I am is that I can shoot or show anything I like to, and beyond the fine art nude or erotic work, that has also included a lot of portraiture and self-portraiture, nature photography and other subjects.

- Much of the site here isn't about nudity or photography or sexuality at all, nor is it intended to sexually arouse or be masturbation fodder. In other words: I don't intend for this site to BE a porn site. In fact, the largest body of work here is the archive of my journal, which does sometimes recount my romantic or sexual relationships or sexual experiences, it's more often about issues in all the facets of my work -- in photography, erotic and nonerotic, in sex education and sexuality writing, in writing poetry, in activist work -- about my friendships and community, my buddhist practice, politics, boxing, and all the minutiae of my daily life.

Is it different because you don't look like most women in "porn"? Or because you're a dyke? Or because you're literate?

No, no and no. The jury is always out as to how much I do or don't fit certain cultural ideals in terms of my appearance. For instance, I am generally present fairly femme. I do, in many photographs, wear some makeup, and occasionally, a good deal of it. I have long hair. I like the look of things like fishnet stockings (though mainly because I dig strong, graphic lines), I do sometimes wear femme clothing, and my body is one that can generally be considered attractive in a mainstream way. On the other hand, I'm over 35. I'm short. I have scars, stretch marks and the like that I don't hide, and I don't tend to glom myself with makeup, and I don't have any cosmetic surgery (even on my disabled hand). I don't weigh 110 pounds and a lot of my curve is muscle from boxing, and I don't fit some standard ideals. I don't tend to play the ingenue. I do not hold myself or other women to mainstream beauty ideals, or fit the ideas of

lesbianism or bisexuality as represented by mainstream pornography or erotica. I am literate, and much of my work is paired with text and I'd never dumb myself down for anyone.

But what about the money, and the fact that one has to pay to view a lot of your work?

The primary motivating factor in my work here on site is creative, not commercial. The fee for subscription to see my entire portfolio, written and visual, and the archive of my journal, is akin to the cost of a museum membership -- it exists primarily to pay my overhead and to enable me to have the supplies I need -- as well as a roof over my head -- to create work. I do what work I like, which is directed and motivated by my own interests -- not catering to an audience with requests to be sure I keep their dollars.

In the free portions of the site, you'll find as much, if not more material than you're going to find at most artists and authors personal websites. The members area contains near to every piece of work -- visually, textually -- that I have done in the last five or six years, well over 10,000 pieces. To show all of them publicly, especially at a site like this with such high traffic, and which includes nudes (so requires a more costly adult server), would cost me sums of money I don't have. As well, much like one must buy a book in order to read it, or an album in order to hear it, or pay a fee or have a membership to a museum to see everything within it, there is a charge here to view all of that work. The cost for such is minimal compared to the cost of my time, labor and bandwidth. I strongly feel artists should be paid for their work: if we are not, and are not independently wealthy, especially if we are full-time artists, we cannot have the means to create our work: I'm no exception. In other words, I'm working and am entitled to be paid for my work like anyone else, and asking TO be paid does not diminish the quality of my work or make it unimportant, because I am compensated for it.

Having much of my work go to a smaller patrons area also gives me a bit more freedom to experiment with the work I'm doing, without the pressure of every piece being shown to an incredibly large audience. I've found that knowing that I can show my work publicly, but to a limited group unless I want to put certain pieces all the way out there, contributes to my ability to take risks with my work I might not otherwise feel able to be taking.

Should subscription to the site not be of interest, I do also sell prints of my photographic work, and my written work has been included in several print anthologies and publications, as well as no-cost websites. Local patrons interested in seeing a full catalog of my work can also attend open studios which I hold here in Minneapolis every so often.

For more information on what I do and why, see the about page, some of my favorite journal entries or the journal entire,, the photography or words pages, my two other websites, Scarleteen and Scarlet Letters, or do a search with Google to find more articles or columns I've published, anthologies you can find my work in, the works.

© 1984, 2004 HEATHER CORINNA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. CULTIVATE GOOD KARMA.

text nav: journal • photography • prose & poetry • biography • members entry • join • get 'yer ass home